E SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

E XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1734.

Poetry.

ARVEST HYMN.

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gift, with feet
ou, whose sunshine showers
and the verdure clothes,
ou, whose dew-drops feed
ou, whose mercy sows
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Mary L'Utseau, the humble home at Old Castle, had possessed some self-respect, if little self-reliance, but the promising change in her prospects—the dignities of Commodore Wough and the hopes and fears concerning the future Admiral—had completely overwhelmed her. She had become a mere bundle of nerves, and make her the shrinking, cringing, timorous creature that she was. She was afraid to be what to be liked to her daughter lest she should offend the Commodore, and she had advised by submitting to the Commodore to offend God.—For much as she dreaded the *due* true, yet more the fear of offending the Commodore. She headed in her bosom, the soverest dread—the fear of displeasing him. In the long list of negatives of a cold distance. Mrs. Wough only dared to be liked to Jacqueline.

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Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;

OR,

THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "TRACKED AND MARKLESS," "SKARRENBRAE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFFORD," &c.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

DOCTOR GRIMSHAW.

There's a cold looming,
And grave, serene aspect about the sun.
As made our specie pay him each respect,
As though he'd heard "auri sacra fames" were Dionysius his years. *Young Kewdie.*

The morning came, and Jacqueline was pushed to know what to do. She was restricted in motions. Eugene Aram never had half so much trouble and anxiety with the dead body of his victim.

The moment was imminent. The girls were all eating and going into the kitchen to consult with the dormitory, where coats were rung of wash-stands, which rendered still the number of the rooms.

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"I wonder if they are going to bring me before a council, or what is it? I wish they would give me my trouble!" as she approached them, and laughed.

The Abbess and Rose were standing near the bed. There also sits are a packet, ready done up, and a large trunk, which she felt sure were not contain the nuisance.

"Miss Jacqueline," commenced the elder lady, speaking in a grave, and voice, "I need not tell you that the cause of the alarm last night has been discovered, and that you are safe, as well as for the sake of our convent, and the good name of Sister Rose, I hope—that entire secrecy may be observed. Sister Rose, in whose discretion I have the utmost confidence, will, I doubt not, have been your companions. Until I hear from your friends, to whom I am about to write a full account of this matter, you will share my apartment, and be under my personal charge. Sister Rose, conduct Miss L'Utseau thither."

Jacqueline's face, for the very first time in her life, blazed with an overwhelming sense of humiliation. She had never looked on her self in so severe a light—she had never considered its impropriety—indeed she had never considered at all—she had acted from impulse. And now that she was made to feel and see it in its real enormity in her practical joke, her face burned with blushes, and her girlish shame was mingled with indignation against those who had made her feel it. She knew that she was very perverse. Smiling and nodding her head at the dignified Lady Superior she said that she was content—that in the privacy of her room she should amuse herself by thinking over new entertainments for herself, and that she was not terrible in regard to any Jacqueline among them! And so saying she followed Sister Rose.

Original Sketches.

WHAT THE ANGELS THOUGHT OF IT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELIZA L. SPROAT.

In the night an Angel came to me with his All Bible! I was sad enough, and eager for any book into his presence, and waited for his teaching.

He stood for one moment motionless, pondering; and in that moment, my struggling spirit caught from his face, as to reveal the earth and the influence of the old man had obtained him his present position and standing in the

Some surprise was expressed, and some conjectures made, concerning the cousins' interest and great affection for ragged old Cobbler boys in his prodigy; but, as time passed, and the visit of Doctor Grimshaw was attempted to be forgotten in "dragooning" the contractor, and driving the workmen, making them quit from fife, and after that, and put up the other, it upon defiance of all rules of building, until the men were nearly driven to their wits' ends and the time and cost of completing the house was extended indefinitely.

Indeed all—family, dependants, and island assistants, were so thoroughly worn out with the Commodore's whims, that his friends in their hearts prayed for the coming of the flags and rains of November, that should literally "lay him up by the anchor" in his own house, and put his dominations within limited bounds.

At last, towards the latter end of November, their prayers seemed answered, and the Commodore confined to flannels, and wrapped in shawls, was confined in his great easy chair with his legs laid on an open pillows on another.

And from the neighborhood of this chair, Monsieur Grimshaw, kept everything that could be used as a missile, even his medicine bottles, and he was not a little dreaded by his chair—but one day he threw a fork at Sister Marie, narrowly missing her eye, and ruining destroying her eye. And after that, Monsieur cut his victuals up into small mouthfuls, and sent him by a teaspoon and with.

You may imagine the furious storm that arose from the Commodore's bombarded plate, knife and pitcher all through the window-glass into the yard.

The cause is laughing at some merry jest that she had just babbled.

But the Commodore shortly motioned her to a seat, which she took, and fortunately called for him to speak.

He told her readily that he had come to the first and unalterable determination to have her for his wife, and that, therefore, she might as well and prepare herself for an honor that he considered far above her merits.

Miriam was astounded at the suit and the offer, and for a long time could not speak.

"Is it possible that you mean it?" she said, at last.

"I do mean it, indeed, I do, and I believe I am in earnest."

"Which is the wrong side, uncle?"

"Silence, Miss, better, I have your word!"

"Miss, if yo were me to die, uncle, I'd seize your sick leg and give it such a loving squeeze, as would put you in bed for another month!"

"I believe you would, you little mischievous creature! but never! I do not mean to be foiled this time! For, by all the saints in Christendom, and all the Angels—"

"Hush! oh! you mustn't speak of your future home to me yet!"

"I won't be balked, you little vixen you. I'll finish what I was a-going to say—that is, that by Saints you will be married to Grim, at the coming Christmas!"

"It would certainly be only by fair agency, for I would never consent to such a thing!"

"Then you will be married to Grim, and could be made to Heaven. Look you here, Miriam, I am not to be trifled with. I am in earnest; "I would not marry Doctor Grimshaw for Lookmaugh, and all that it will contain—no, not were he 50, nor my own, nor power, uncle! I would no-one see Lookmaugh burned again to the ground, and the soil ploughed up and sown with salt, to make it a sterile desert forever. I would sooner see Doctor Grimshaw dead, than his wife. I would see myself in my coffin—than doomed to the living death of a marriage with Doctor Grimshaw!"

"Then, by Heaven! I'll turn you out of doors!"

"No you won't, by Heaven, uncle. You will do it by the other agency you mentioned!" laughed Jacqueline.

"I'll give you until Christmas, to come to your natural faculties and reasonable senses, or not prepared to marry Doctor Grimshaw, I'll thrust you into the street to starve it!"

"I'll not

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DESIRE PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1845.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE ORIGINAL, AND NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OTHER PAPER, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. For clubs, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We offer them the following low terms:—In Clubs, sent in the city or sold by carriers, necessary to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - $5,00 Post
8 " (and one in the getter up of the Club,) - $10,00
15 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - $18,00
28 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,) - $30,00

Agents.—Any Citizen may get the money and names for a Club, now name to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscription to run the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers to have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no travelling agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as the town, to which they live. *All letters must be post paid.*

Southern wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not find sufficient time to take charge of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributors to the Post during the year, will be Original Sketches by Grace Greenwood and by Fanny Fern—Miriam, the Avenger; or the Fatal Vow, by Mrs. Southworth—Letters from Dresbrana by Mrs. Denison—Letters from Europe by C. G., &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

Our leads columns this week are nearly monopolized by the sad particulars of the loss of the steamship Arctic, of the Collins Line. We have endeavored to gather all the facts of interest, for we know that the public mind throbs, the length and breadth of the country, will intense painful interest, in this thrilling and agonizing drama of real life. The present year has been one of unusual suffering to those who go down on the sea in ships. According to the Boston Journal of Lloyds, forty-eight vessels have been given up as lost since the first of January—or no tidings have been heard from them. A large number of these, were passenger vessels between Europe and the United States. Among them we have the names of:

The Waterloo, from Liverpool to New York; the Ann, Capt. Atkinson, from Quebec for Bristol; the Leviathan, of and from New York for Liverpool; the Juniata, from New York for Dunkirk; the American Line, Captain Cook, from Boston for Liverpool; the Ospray, the Sovereign, the Ocean Bird, the Gipsey, Captain Stephenson, from St Johns for Greenock. Also, the ship Arca, of New York; Agnes Hall, from Manchester; Wilberforce, Capt. Austin; Lord John Russell, Governor Briggs, William Thompson, Capt. Pulsford; Adam Tab, Spencer, Red Rover, Richard Watson, and the ships of Bridgewater, the various vessels of the Hargreaves and schooners. Stranger to say not a vestige of any of the unfortunate vessels has turned up—not a fragment has been discovered.

And to add to the above and list, are a still larger number probably, whose mournful fate is well known. Especially among the American steamships—hitherto almost exempted from disaster—have the losses been very severe. Thus we have since the first of the year, the following list:—The San Francisco, from New York for California. City of Glasgow, from Liverpool for Philadelphia; Humbolt and Franklin, from Havre for New York; City of Philadelphia, from Liverpool for Philadelphia; and the Arctic, from Liverpool for New York;—including a loss of life of probably one thousand persons—and a heavy amount of property.

Not one of the Cunard British Line has been lost—and we are inclined to think, owing to the greater prudence of their owners and captains. The Arctic, when the collision took place, was driving through a dense fog, at full speed; and this is we believe the universal practice of the Collins Line. The Canadians, on the other hand, it is now said, always run at half speed during a fog; and sometimes wait five miles an hour. It may be that to this reckless folly on the part of the Collins Line, is owing some of those quick passages of which they and the American press have so often boasted.

When steam was first applied to ocean navigation, there was much scepticism among sailors, seamen as to its safety; and the consequences probably was an unusual degree of caution on the part of the owners and captains of steamships. But continued security and long-habit, doubtless have induced recklessness—and finding how nearly praise the travelling public bestowed upon speed, how a last line was patronized in preference to a slow one, the temptation of steamship captains naturally desired short passages, and the capitalists—knowing well this fact—as naturally determined to favor both owners and the public, and enjoy the pleasure of seeing their names floating far and wide in the papers, as the makers of the shortest trips on record.

And for this reason also, has the custom of the usual passage to Europe been had in a more stretching round by the banks of Newfoundland. A current line to the south, by taking advantage of the depression of the gulf stream, is almost a hundred miles shorter than a straight line to Liverpool. And therefore the cold fogs and uncomfortable sea, that of the banks of Newfoundland must be encountered, with the risk of running on the rocks, or of collision with an iceberg or with another vessel. We have therefore the greatest reason for captains of the steamships for this sea known to be but twilight—for but little enough hands in this matter to blame but themselves. It was not necessary that the immense profits of the last fifty years, should have created an insane desire in the public generally, for great triumphs over space and time. But every one will be to blame now after the repeated warnings of the present year, who does not exercise the greatest caution, and his influence to the establishment or more rapid and cautious modes in the regulation of sailing and time, as well as ocean travel. Two days longer trips, on an average, doubtless would contribute vastly more than it would detract from the safety of the line.

But to return to the more immediate subject of this article, the loss of the Arctic. One thing is under than all else connected with the most—the way—sailing out in cold and dense fog—the illusion from a gloomy background of sailing and ocean—and the selfish and cowardly conduct of the officers and crew: just think of it,—not one woman, only one child saved—of the two hundred passengers not one on the part of the passengers. They, knowing not what to do, rushed confusedly to the pumps, or at the rail, many going down while still engaged in fruitless struggles against the unconquerable waters. And among the men we are happy to say, a few were not ruthless to their duty. Captain Luce, the chief mate (Duncan,) and young Hoffland, (not related to their number,) retained like men and noble—filled especially—who refused to leave the ship, but went down busy at his gun—noble an eternal place in the memory of whose name shall at the hearing of noble deeds. Let his father obtain cast a monumental stone to his memory, with the story of his heroic death in simple phrase upon it. The story itself will be enshrined enough—and the most beautiful and beautiful epitaph to Miss Eliza Sprat. It is one of those "words always on memory," which sinks the heart to ether and tether.

New Publications.

[illegible] Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. This is a volume of readable character, well-printed on good paper, and for sale very cheap.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine, No. XXXIII. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by [illegible]

Here is a book which will be read with interest by all who have ever been to sea, or who have friends, or relatives, or acquaintances who have been to sea. It is a collection of the yarns of the old sailors, without attempting to dress them up in any other than their own homely language. Each yarn is told by the sailor himself, and is a fair specimen of the whole. Besides its interest to sailors, it will be found to be a valuable book to all who are desirous of studying character, and of learning the manners and customs of the sea. The publishers deserve to be rewarded for their enterprise in furnishing us with so many volumes of such good matter.

Graham's Magazine for October. Philadelphia: George R. Graham. For sale by [illegible]

This is a number of considerable character, containing a large amount of good literature, and with many fine engravings.

Hazlitt's Spirit: A Popular Treatise on the Skin and Hair; Showing What to Eat, Drink and Wear. By Charles Wilson, F. R. S. Second American Edition, from the Fourth and Revised London Edition. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

This is a work which will be read with interest by all who have a skin to be preserved, or hair to be kept on the head. It is the product of the pen of a physician of eminence, and contains much information which is of value to all. It is a work which we can recommend to our readers.

Memoirs of Celebrated Characters. By Alexander Dumas. In Two Volumes. Philadelphia: Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Nelson, Hudson, Columbus, Bernard de Palissy, Rousseau, and Louis XV., are the celebrated characters whose memoirs are here given by Dumas. From the beginning of our acquaintance, his verses were received, with gracious favor and a smile of good will," by beauty, society, and royalty; and now, when he is closing, he desires to leave a few pages of his feelings in the shape of a little volume, on the counter or cottage table of the workman in town and country—to become a portion, little more nobly, and with an evident desire to do his duty.

It is evident that there must be a ready fund for the accommodation of both crew and passengers. This was very culpable carelessness on the part of some one. Was it the case, we ask, at the time of writing this, able to say.

None of the Arctic's crew were saved by the Pilot-boat, or capsized Pilot-boat, which did not sink, on account of her build being divided into compartments. The captain of the Ynes believed that the Arctic was not seriously injured, and soon lost sight of her in the fog.

The Arctic was also sailing through an dense fog, the Arctic neither rung her bell, fired a gun, nor made any other signal. This looks like great carelessness or excessive technicalness on the part of her commander. Gentlemen, in matters of collision, a long-standing judicia much injury and receives this—ten days in a small fishing vessel with scarcely a shock—but we can scarcely imagine that this fact should influence the conduct of their people.

Academy Candidate.—Applications for the post of teaching English are becoming a ton upon us. This week we have a letter from "Devil's Retreat," Crabdown, Virginia. The writer says:

You wished those applying to be Gentlemen, as there was no use, as I can in case of the latter can find more my prospect back to days when Smith and I made our "mark" with a "pen and ink." I think I think is conclusive evidence that I belong to one of the former classes. Moreover, as I can succeed in engaging my services, I can assure you that I will be found to be a man of energy fighting, as I see you say, go right in with a will—and when I undertake a thing I do it. I undertake rule never to come out second best. I am not only a good fellow, but a fine fellow. Sometime: but being only nineteen years of age, I have not the honor of being a Yale graduate, or the required height in due time. I have whiskers, and, as it is considered a sign of manhood, the fluff of the Woods around them digging. I never take an oath, and never lie; I shall not be Sullivan, but I have no objection to taking a drink of cold water on both of those points. I should on occasion ever call me it.

Our correspondent says that he traces his such mistakes as this are of little account in a fighting editor." Great literary ability, or even common sense, is neither expected nor desired. In fact, a person with literary qualifications would not have a chance with such economic which is not at all to be allowed in a fighting editor. Such an editor is expected to be ready to vindicate their perfect truth and honesty at any cost—let, of course, having the challenged's privilege of a choice of weapons.

The above applicant is somewhat nearer our mark as to height, but is evidently has not the "pen and ink" part of the affair to learn yet. We know that time, as he says, may bring him up to our standard, but still we incline in the belief that it will be a "weary accident" this policy to "wait till he grows." We however, will look out for a fighting editor.

Meeting of Women.—A public meeting of the Boston Association, for the reformation, employment and instruction of women who have fallen into habits of vice, will be held at Bannor Street Hall, on the afternoon of Saturday, Oct. 11th, at 3 o'clock. The meeting will be addressed with all the benevolent and religious sensibilities are moved. This is not the work of a day, or a year. It is the case of humanity, involving the character, health, and happiness of thousands of our citizens. It is one of the vocation of individuals alone, but it is the proper object of every member of society to contribute to do all in their power to promote the morals and well doing of those around them. We cannot but feel that the present meeting is interest in this Association, and should bend together in their own, and in the cause of the reformation of the unfortunate class of women of immorality.

The Rent Day of the Season.—An official list of the rents of the city is compiled "for your Evening Bulletin." The rents, we are told, are generally higher than last year, and the number of tenants changing, is also greater. The Bulletin has been favored by the assessors of the several wards with the names of the tenants who do not find it necessary to move their residence, which is twenty-five per cent. less than last year. The desertion has been so great, that in some wards, where he lives in a vacant, "there is 20 to 30 houses to let in a square." Besides the latter four cents per pound—but no wishing, and I don't want any, but I want my family. Speaking of matters and of change of land here to the west.

It shall not be our fault if Mr. Peck does not receive his Post regularly.

Bankrupt of Daniel Boone.—Last week we gave a pathetic and short biography of Daniel the famous hunter of Kentucky, and this week our attention is called to an interesting document which has come into our possession. Our solicitation is one of the rule, as may be gathered from this work.

The Heiress to Bulkeley: A Tale of the Mississippi. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. In Two Volumes. Published by Robert Tyrrell, 98 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Though the principal character in this story is a slave, the design of the author was rather to illustrate the evils not the blessings of slavery. The plot of the tale was arranged by the author, in the summer of 1845, during a steamboat passage from New Orleans to Cincinnati. Its incidents and descriptions of steamboat life will be particularly interesting to those who have ever navigated the Beautiful River and the Father of Waters.

Harpers' Gazetteer. Under a Bohemian and Gets A Book Into No. 7 of "Harpers' Gazetteer of the World."

General News.

LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

APPALLING LOSS OF LIFE!!

The Steamship Arctic was run down on the 27th ultimo, by the Steamer Vesta, on the Banks. The collision occurred at noon, during a dense fog.

The Arctic leaves her destined route with the crew and a few passengers, Capt. Luce was on board, and was in command. The Vesta was also on her way to Liverpool, with a full complement of passengers, and was also under the command of Capt. Cook, both vessels were heavily laden, and were making their passages in the usual manner. The Arctic, Captain Grosse, one of the pioneers of the Collins Line, was one of the finest and largest steamships afloat. She was built in the year 1850, and was considered one of the most substantial vessels ever launched. She was of 2,856 tons burthen, and was commanded by Capt. Luce, one of the most experienced officers of the Collins Line. Her engines were of 1,000 horse power, and were considered the most powerful ever placed on the Atlantic. She was built of the best materials, and was considered the most substantial vessel

NEWS ITEMS.

The Connecticut electioneers are just now said to be filling large orders for Cleon and Jay.

The large hotels of New York City monopolize their own gas at a saving of a hundred per cent.

At the fair of the Eastern Hampden, Mass., Society, a five large loaf of bread was exhibited, made by a girl only seven years old.—Among the fruits of the late warm spell, has been a second crop of blackberries, which were composed of ripe fruit on the heads of several grandmothers.

Another man has died from the wounds he received in the recent riot at New Orleans, making in all eight dead.

The Revere, (N. J.) Advertiser says: The Democrats in select Hunterdon County are to nominate a rather peculiar Solicitor this year. Mr. Thomas Cleveland.

Mr. George H. Hosmer, and his eldest son, and Mr. Charles H. Sabin, Jr., went out with the Cleveland Troop, on Monday, as guests of Mr. Hosmer. Mr. Hosmer was an early visitor of Mr. Cleveland's when he resided in Buffalo, and enjoyed a delightful two months in extensive sea travel with the President, and took active participation in many interesting times most dear to the heart of Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Hosmer's son, Mr. Charles H. Sabin, Jr., is a graduate of Northampton, Mass., and brother of Mr. S. Sabin, Jr., of this city. Mr. Hosmer's daughter, Miss Mary Hosmer, is a graduate of Wellesley, Mass., and brother of Mr. S. Sabin, Jr., of this city. Mr. Hosmer's daughter, Miss Mary Hosmer, is a graduate of Wellesley, Mass., and brother of Mr. S. Sabin, Jr., of this city.

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Clippings.

☞ A few meetings more, we were relating to the Democrats, and then we will turn our attention to the Republicans. In the week of the Democratic meetings, we will turn our attention to the Republicans. In the week of the Democratic meetings, we will turn our attention to the Republicans.

☞ The young lady who was accused of stealing a young man's heart, has been bound over, in the sum of seventeen cents, to keep the peace.

☞ It is useful to keep a dog which barks, howls and yells, alternately all night long! And, if tested, it is because, is it Christian, to neighbors all? We don't think it a personal barb, at the rate of a hundred and twenty per day, to give you the first cross word in the morning, but after the time it very dangerously disturbs the nocturnal repose of the community, and is slightly to interfere with one's rest. They say that dogs bark at the moon, but we don't, in our neighborhood seem determined to bark the night also.

☞ If you have no distinct idea of your associates, their habits, character, principles and occupations, get acquainted at once somehow or other, and the opposition prize will be yours. Use your genealogy to the furthest reserve. They will find it to their advantage, and generally preferred by diners.

☞ A gentleman having been invited, by his wife, to attend divine service with them, with him, at a fashionable church, the hours, and the fashionable preacher, and the fashionable congregation, he replied, "I will go, but I tell you, wife, I don't like the looks of our new church!" "Well," said the lady, "you go till it settled and plastered, it won't be a very delightful house!" exclaimed.

☞ A Paris correspondent of the New York Times says his washerwoman is a man, who lives in the Rue Rivoli. He has a wife and two children, who help him to wash, or rather to rinse and starch. He has a wife and two children, who help him to wash, or rather to rinse and starch. He has a wife and two children, who help him to wash, or rather to rinse and starch.

☞ Mr. Van Nospe, you say you belong to Mr. Hoyt's class. Does the name of Hoyt stand from that remark that you officiate at the head of the class? Is what appears? If it "I pumps the rod for the gentleman wat fits guns at the keys" — That will do, sir; clear, out! Leave the room!

☞ An old farmer out west was in the neighborhood of a wedding, when one of the guests asked him if he was going to see it age being sober. Said he to his son, "John, have you counted the hogs?" "Yes, sir." "And the turkeys, and the cows, and the sheep?" "Yes, sir." "Well, John, now go and count the boys, and count her, and then we'll go to bed."

☞ Mr. Herndon, commander of the U. S. steamer Engineering Expedition, speaks well of the prospect of a substitute for bread, made by the women of all the Indian tribes along the Amazon. It is a kind of tapioca, and an important article of commerce among them. It is called *farinha*, and is made from the root of the cassava plant (*Jatropha manihot*) from which the tapioca of our grocery puddings is also prepared. Said Herndon of the bread made from it: "It is delicious, and the Amazon carries to have in a general way, although young negroes roasted are a delicacy, and are pronounced by our sailor to be very good eating." We should think the starving of many members would be a good examination.

☞ Charles Schwarz and wife announce in the *Northern Wochenblatt*, "This morning we were blessed with twins, a boy and a girl—for which we thank God."

☞ A great excitement is caused among the people of England by the scrutiny into the church of the gifted and distinguished Anti Cocoon Willowtown, on the ground that his communion wine was not pure. It is said that the supremacy of the Queen as the head of the church.

☞ A lady was complaining that she was approaching twenty thirty. A person who was present remarked that a little red ink on day removes you farther from your complaint.

☞ The Vermonters claim that theirs is the model State. The Rutland Herald makes the claim in this wise: "There is but one city in this State, and not one soldier. We have but one lawyer, and he is a Democrat. We have but one horse, genuine horses, that are worth considering, and he is a Democrat. We have but one lawyer, genuine lawyer, that are worth considering, and he is a Democrat. We have but one horse, genuine horses, that are worth considering, and he is a Democrat.

☞ A great many people are in the habit of saying they have been "taken down" with this or that disease, when they have been taken down with this or that disease, when they have been taken down with this or that disease, when they have been taken down

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1850.

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TERMS, &c.

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4 Copies,	$5,00	Per Annum,
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
12 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00	"

Agencies to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names of Clubs, will find the new names in it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. One dollar is here all the subscription in each Club, and at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

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Post-Masters or others getting the Clubs, could confer a favor by letting them add to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A Few Advertisements will be admitted; and those notice that we now have no collecting agents, out at this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the Post-Office, and of the town, in which they live. All letters must be post-paid.

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed to, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up Clubs; and if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, we hope they will shew our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributors to the Post during the year, will be Original Reviews by Grace Greenwood and by Fanny Fern—Miriam, the Avenger; on the Feast Year, by Rev. Scott. worth—Letters from Dresbrake by Mrs. Denison—Letters from Europe by C. G., &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

Our hands seldom this week are mostly occupied by the sad particulars of the loss of the steamship Arctic, of the Collins Line, we have endeavored to gather all the facts of interest, for we know that the public mind through the length and breadth of the country, will be most painfully interested in this thrilling and agonizing drama of real life. The present year has been one of unusual suffering to those who go down to the sea in ships. According to the Boston or Liverpool, forty-eight vessels have been wrecked up as last since the first of January—a no telling how many have been lost from them. A large number of these, were passenger vessels between Europe and the United States. Among them we have the names of

The Waterloo, from Liverpool to New York, the Ann, Capt. Atkinson, from Quebec for Belfast, the Caledonia, Capt. Hall, from New York for Liverpool; the Ocean Monarch, Capt. Kemp, from the American Line, Captain Crocker, from St. John, Newfoundland, for Cuxhaven; the Emma Field, from Bath, (United States) for Liverpool; the Caroline, from Liverpool for Port St. John for Greenock; Ada, the ship Acon, of New York; Agnes Hall, from Montevideo. Wilhelmine, Sylla, Cygnet, Achilles, John Wheldin, Governor Briggs, William Thompson, Sarah, (Paterson,) Ann Tift, Spectator, Red Rover, Richard Wood, Age, Alice, of Bridgeport. The remaining vessels were telegraphed and otherwise. Perhaps it may not a vestige of any of the unfortunate vessels has turned up—not a fragment has been discovered.

And to add to the above sad list, now a six larger number probably, whose mournful fate is well known. Especially among the American steamships—hitherto almost unbroken from disaster—have the losses been very severe. Thus we have since the first of the year, the following list:—The Ben Franklin, from New York for Calcutta; City of Glasgow, from Liverpool for Philadelphia; Hibernia and Franklin, from Havre for New York; City of Philadelphia, from Liverpool for Philadelphia, and the Arctic, now Liverpool for New York; including a loss of life of probably one thousand persons—and a heavy amount of property.

Not one of the Cunard British Line has been lost—and we are inclined to think, owing to the greater prudence of their owners and captains. The Arctic, when the collision took place, was driving through a dense fog, at full speed; and this is we believe the universal practice of the Collins Line. The Canadian, on the other hand, it is now said, always runs at half speed during a fog, and sometimes at only five miles an hour. It may be that to this excellent fidelity on the part of the Collins Line, is owing some of their quick passages of thirty days and the American press have so often boasted.

When steam was first applied to ocean navigation, there was much scepticism among old seamen as to its safety, and the consequences probably was an unusual degree of caution on the part of the owners and captains of steamships. But continued security and long-habit, doubtless have induced recklessness—and finding how much praise the travelling public bestowed upon speed and how a fast line was patronized in preference to a slow one, the comparison of steamships naturally drained about passages, and the captains knowing well the risk—as naturally determined to please both owners and public, and enjoy the pleasure of seeing their names floating far and wide in the papers, as the makers of the shortest trips on record.

And for this reason also, has the course of the usual passage to Europe been laid in a curve something round by the Banks of Newfoundland. A curved line to the north, implying advantage of the depression of the globe towards the poles, is about a hundred miles shorter than a straight line to Liverpool. And therefore the cold rugs and uncomfortable weather of the banks of Newfoundland must be encountered, with the risk of running in the fogs, or of collision with an iceberg or with another vessel. We blame neither the proprietors nor captains of the steamships for this, we blame in fact nobody—for who has given enough heads to this matter to insure safety. It was not unnatural that the wonderful material progress of the last fifty years, should have created an insane desire in the public generally, for great triumphs over space and time. But surely one will be to blame who after the repeated warnings of the present year, who does not become somewhat sober, and puts his influence to the establishment of more rare and cautious rules in the regulation of railroad and river, as well as ocean passages. We hope for the future, on average, deliberate would make the passage between Europe and America threefold safer than it is.

But to return to the more immediate subject of this article, the loss of the Arctic. One thing is evident from all else connected with the mournful story—standing out in bold and character istic relief—a glorious background of suffering and sorrow—was the noble and conspicuous conduct of the officers and crew of that ship of ours, one among only one child saved! Almost all the nobility manifested was on the part of the passengers. They, knew nothing but what to do, surfeit curiosity at the pumps, or at the rail, and they gave down when the small engaged in incidental struggles against the overmastering waves. And we, among the rest, we are happy to say, have not one collision to their fame. Captain Luce, the third mate (Dorrin,) and passenger Hoskins, (and others of their number,) behaved like men and officers. Holland especially—who refused to leave the ship, but went down deep at his post—merited an eternal place in the memory of all whose noble thrill at the hearing of noble deeds. Let his fellow citizens raise a monumental stone to his memory, with the story of his heroic death in simple phrase upon it. The story itself will be enshrined enough—not a line need be added.

Of the disgraceful panic-many of the sailors, with the second cabin (fleshing) at their head, out of the forward, we need say but little. They have preserved their miserable lives—leaving behind the beautiful women and innocent children to the unpitying waves—and with them as here a sufficient amount of cool, willing able-bodied men, who (ships of the line) by simply employing them upturned in them to see which they refused to grant. Let them this what comfort they can in the thought that there is not a true man or woman living, who would not, at this moment, rather be among the drowned out with those unfortunate and deserted passengers of the Arctic, than alive with them.

As for Captain Luce, we are glad that he did his duty to the utmost of his ability—and that he proved himself no craven, but a true-souled officer; sparing not his own pain in the fulfilment of his sacred trust! But we cannot avoid thinking that he committed a fatal error in his position. No man should assume the heavy responsibility of commanding one of our great steamships, but who feels a reasonable degree of confidence in his own ability—not only in that the ship is seaworthy in proportion to which he is to command his men, under all and any circumstances. We cannot avoid the conviction that Captain Luce is himself greatly responsible for the bad behavior of his crew—for there are other captains who, in his place, would have kept the control of their men, even if they had killed two or three in doing it. The officers and crew of a sinking ship have been shipped before the Arctic went down. The proper course evidently was to fix them with the passengers—especially the women and children—with the exception of a sufficient number to manage the vessel. Then to make a rait or raffa for the balance of the passengers—and this Captain Luce and his officers attempted this, and failed through the pusillanimity of his men. But we think that some in lesser measure would not have failed—that with certain other captains, the second mute and the crew would not even have attempted such a dastardly course at conduct; or, that if they had attempted it, would have failed. That he did not use deadly force—but we do not think that was not such an entirely qualified him for the position he held.

These remarks are somewhat unpleasant to make, but duty, we think, requires them at our hands. Captain Luce has a claim, in his own way, when unqualified and incompetent men have been appointed to fill positions of responsibility, to high trust and great responsibility. In politics and everywhere else, "facts are nothing in comparison with the ideal." There is another and a wonderful fact is ready to exhibit any officer in position, public or private, from Presidents downwards. And the only corrective of this vain and inordinate ambition, is to hold every man to the strictest account for his failures—in the present instance, it is not the question whether Captain Luce did his utmost—but whether he had that in similar circumstances—but did he do as well as a man fit to be captain of a first class steamship, with the aid of four hundred people to support him, should have done? This is the question, and so far as we are able to be judge of the circumstances, we are compelled to give a reluctant "no"—reluctant, because we would rather believe that Captain Luce acted in a manly noble, and with an evident desire to do his duty.

It is evident that there were not boats enough for the accommodation of both crew and passengers. There were only culpable conclusions in this fact should influence the conduct of their captains.

American Candidate.—Applications for the post of Fighting Editor are beginning to flow in upon us. This week we have a letter from Dewitt's Corners, Onondaga County, Virginia. The applicant says:

"I see you want three applying to be Gentlemen; I can assure you, sir, I am one of the same, and I think I can whip any man in the State of New York (Capt. John) was monarch of all he surveyed, which I think is more than you can say. I am willing to one of the first families of Virginia. If you are willing to agree to my terms, I will be down to you I shall not stand upon the character of my fighting qualities, for I will be on hand with every back possession—and I make it an invariable rule never to back out of a fight unless I am not quite seven feet tall, being only six feet seven inches, but being active and spry I do not have yet the least doubt but that I shall acquit myself with credit to you. I am single, and have no grandma there times, and he is called the Hill Cat for his wonderful scratching qualities. I have never taken any instructions under Heenan or Sullivan, as I have no objection to take a hand at two with either of them, if they are willing to accept of me."

Our correspondent says above that he trusts his "progeny back to days when Capt. John was monarch of all he surveyed," and we can suppose he means ancestry, not "progeny." Progeny is a term we have not before heard used in a "fighting editor." Great literary ability, or even correctness, is neither expected nor desired in the post. But a person with literary qualifications, might have an opinion of his own occasionally, and not be the mere tool of a fighting editor. Such an editor is expected to take all his opinions from the paper—and to be ready to change their perfect truth and propriety, at any cost—be, of course, having the challenged's privilege of a choice of weapons.

The above applicant is somewhat nearer our mark when he says that he "can whip any man in the State of New York"—but of our first correspondent. Such a variety of subjects, which have a common connection, and mutually illustrate each other, but which are of little value when taken singly, or even collectively, is neither expected nor desired in the post. But a person with literary attainments, and a knowledge of the world, would be entitled to a fair salary, and would find his time also under consideration.

Meeting of Women.—A public meeting of women was held in this city, for the purpose of employment and instruction of women who have not immoral lives, will be held at the Assembly Building, on the afternoon of Saturday, Oct. 21st, at 3 o'clock. Ladies connected with the Society for the Protection of Children are invited. This is not the work of a sect, or a society. It is the cause of humanity. Sympathy for the fallen, is the true religion of thousands of our fellow citizens. It is not necessary for every member of the community to do all in their power to promote the welfare of those their perfect equals in every respect, at any cost—be, of course, having the challenged's privilege of a choice of weapons.

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Meeting of Women.—A public meeting

tline the statement by the orders given to make the raft, which would not have been necessary had Dolan, Lang and Hughes been stationary. He made a drawing of the boats, to demonstrate his statement. He was unprejudiced in favor of Collins, and was on the dock when the raft came, being the second party to arrive at the dock, boat by Capt. Lucas. In lowering this boat one end only was let down, which is the reason people all on board left the water. This boat was the same other party had already left the dock of the steamer. Mr. Mitchell says that the sinking of the steamer in his opinion was the fault of the master the passengers had the command they would have saved all on board. Collins was not at all intoxicated, and was perfectly sober. A raft was made by the passengers for the raft, which in their haste to get off the steamer, the resistant nearly sunk, and was useless for the purpose by which time it was dark.

He saw on the deck of the steamer the eleven lamps, all of which were lighted and burning. He also saw the Duke de Grammont on the deck; he was apparently cool and calm in the manner. After the boat in which he was, left the steamer, they saw no more of the other persons in the water; some with life preservers on.

Thos. Tripp, sailor, was on board of one of these, which crowded their boat to its utmost capacity, rather than run the risk mentioned by Mr. Hough within a short distance of the steamer, he did not see the steamer sink, as about that time was the fog; and he thinks whether any one on board of the steamer was saved or not, the fog-bell so near after leaving the steamer, they could hear it distinctly, and by which they could apparently tell in what direction the steamer was. He was on board of the steamer Hornet, and was a member of the house of Horner & Co. At the time of the collision he was standing on the deck of the steamer, when he saw the lights of the other steamer, which appeared to be coming directly for the steamer, and he thought she was going to run into the steamer, and he called to the captain, but seeing that he was not aware of the approaching steamer, he ran to the bow of the steamer, and called to the steamer to keep off, when the steamer struck the steamer on the starboard side, about midway between the bow and the wheel-house, and cut into the steamer, and then backed off, and passed around the stern of the steamer, and then ran down the river. He saw no one on board of the steamer after the collision, and he thinks that all on board of the steamer must have left her before the steamer struck her, as he saw no one on board of the steamer after the collision. He was not injured in the collision, but was very much frightened. He was on board of the steamer at the time she struck the steamer, and was not injured. He was on board of the steamer when she struck the steamer, and was not injured. He was on board of the steamer when she struck the steamer, and was not injured.

Mr. Collins is returned to New York on Tuesday morning from Washington, and the sad intelligence was communicated to him as he was passing from Mount City, at about 4 o'clock, A. M., on his way home.

The body of Mrs. Ferris, Brother & Co., of Liverpool, was found on the dock when the raft came down, and was identified by the family of the deceased. Mrs. Mitchell says that the sinking of the steamer is the most terrible sight she ever witnessed. The passengers had the command they would have saved all on board. Collins was not at all intoxicated, and was perfectly sober. A raft was made by the passengers for the raft, which in their haste to get off the steamer, the resistant nearly sunk, and was useless for the purpose by which time it was dark.

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NEWS ITEMS.

The Connecticut clocks-makers are just now said to be filling large orders for Cuba and Mexico.

The friends of Rev. Chas. Brodnax & Co., of Liverpool, are hurt to hear that Mr. W. B. Rowe, with his wife and child; his daughter, Mrs. George F. Allen, with her husband and child; and Mrs. Hodgson, daughter of Mr. Rowe, are all on board safe and well.

Mr. R. S. Williams, of Fairfax, who, together with his wife, is among the lost, had intended to have taken passage in the Arctic at Liverpool, but changed his mind at the last moment. His son-in-law, Mr. Allen, and family, were on board.

Another man has died from the wounds he received in the recent duel at New Orleans, making in all eight victims.

Mr. Sanford, (N. J.) Advertiser says: The Rev. Mr. Fahey has started whatever Schuyler was the ultimate children! However that may be, he has certainly left behind him a very large family, and that in all he has left. Our contemporary might add, that a large portion of that family is not to be disowned.

Mr. Paul Dahlonega presented each of the New York crewmen with a copy of her recent book, styled "Life Scenes."

The Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, says the Rev. Mr. Fahey, his secretary; Rev. Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburg, and Rev. Archbishop Hughes, of New York, will sail on Saturday, from New York, in the American steamer Liverpool, on a visit to Rome, on business connected with the church to which they belong.

Prizes for female equestrianism were awarded last week before the Fair of the Agricultural (Conn.) Fair, the contestants being three ladies mounted on horseback. All of them were married ladies, and one married recently. The bowers of the suspension bridge across the Mississippi, at St. Anthony's Falls, are now nearly completed, and the workmen are busy at the abutments. When completed it is stretching across the river. The bridge seems likely to be a great success. It is built on the plan of the recent suspension bridge at Cincinnati, Delaware & Hall, in Fulton street. Mr. Roebling, the engineer of the bridge, resides at Trenton, N. J., and will leave it in charge of his son, Mr. Washington Roebling, who has had much experience in bridge building.

Mr. George G. Shotwell, and his eldest son, Master Shotwell, of Fulton street, Brooklyn, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, in company, at his residence, Fulton street, Brooklyn, on Saturday evening.

The party (five in number) had returned from a visit to Greenwood Cemetery, and were entertained with delightful and vocal recitations.

Mr. Shotwell, the youngest member of the party, was the first to complain of being unwell, and was soon followed by the others, who were taken with violent vomiting and purging, and in a short time all were in a state of collapse. Dr. Shotwell was called in, and had all the symptoms of cholera. Mr. Shotwell died at 2 o'clock, A. M., on Sunday, and the rest of the family are still very low.

Mr. Shotwell was a native of Bolton, Conn., and was 47 years of age.

An aged man named Hilliard, lately died in the Union workhouse, Leicester, in his 71st year. He was one of the Smithers of Mr. Nave, and was sentenced to execution. To his great joy, however, he was let off on the plea of being young still, when he was respited for life. Time after time he begged for death—whether it was from a nervous feeling or from fear of being executed, he could not say—were a mockmurder about his neck.

Engineers and other carriers are diminishing in number. Kossuth Secretary is invited to an immense dinner at the Astor House, in New York, on Thursday next. About six years ago, upwards of 5000 persons were employed in the city of Chester, and now there are only 2400.

A London correspondent of the Boston Transcript says that the late minister of the Princess Gitika, of Moldavia, has left the whole of his property to the latter's daughter, Miss Cass. He proved that she supported him for many years, and that he was a mere pensioner on her. She was subsequently acquitted.

Among the passengers were Messrs. William S. Parkhurst and Thomas H. Bedford, two estimable young men, who were returning to their homes in Norwich, after a visit to Chicago, Illinois, where they had been for the last three years. They were both in the employ of Messrs. Parkhurst & Co., of Norwich, Conn., and were highly esteemed by all who knew them. Mr. Parkhurst was the son of the senior member of the firm, and Mr. Bedford was a clerk in the store.

Mr. Parkhurst was a third despatch has been received from Capt. Lines, in which he states that Capt. Collins has not yet left the wreck. Provisions were swept from the deck of the Arctic as she was going down, and Capt. Lines and his men, which precipitated so many into the sea.—*Boston Transcript.*

In looking over Mr. Long's list, we find there were was communicated to her, at Yonkers, by Mr. Dawson, chief officer of the Arctic's officers, they be under imaginary than Commodore's officers, of one had been saved from the Arctic.

What continues to surprise everybody, is the fact that so many of the passengers and crew were saved, and have no assurance that one was saved.

HALIFAX, Oct. 12.—Newfoundland dates have been received to the 8th inst. They state, as stated that the French screw steamer Vesta had arrived at St. Johns, Nfld., on the 6th inst., with the mast and her boats shattered to pieces, she having been struck by a heavy sea during a gale off Cape Race. She had on board thirty one of the Arctic's crew, and 100 passengers. The passengers in the boat accidentally run down by the Vesta.

We have seen and conversed, says the Richmond Advisor, with Mr. Hitchcock, second assistant engineer of the Arctic, brought to this port by the Vesta. He left Liverpool in the steamer and the two boats which landed at Round Cove, and he narrated a thrilling story of the disaster, and threw little additional light upon the occurrence.

Mr. Hitchcock was one of the engineers of the Arctic, who arrived in the Vesta.

At the first moment of the collision intimacy in the cabin conduct of Captain Luce, and the boiler-room engineer, Mr. Hitchcock, was not apprehensive that they charge the Company with even calm in the water; and he supposed that a small number at boats to carry all on board. All the boats which were lowered were filled with the number of persons, and the passengers say there was no doubt of Capt. Luce's humanity. The picture his passengers that he had boats enough to hold all on board, that there was no need of confusion, and all might have been saved.—It is to be hoped that the Arctic will be found safe he remedied. The boats containing the first party left the steamer in charge of the second officer, and one or three being overloaded, a part of the other. They then immediately pulled for the wreck, and commenced taking off the passengers in the boat accidentally run down by the Vesta.

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POLITICAL NEWS.

The Democratic majority in Philadelphia county will reach 30,000. But later Nebraska says that the Democratic majority in Philadelphia will not be over 20,000. The Whigs have gained 3,000 over 1850 against 9. The State is safe 951 majority in Philadelphia county, 1,000 majority in Pennsylvania, 1 in Independent Whig. To the lower districts 11 Democrats and 10 Whigs are elected. The opposition are elected.

Boston Courier says: The election has resulted in the choice of Messrs. Aiken, Kelly, Orr, Rhett, and Woodward, Democrats, and Messrs. Gentry, Houston, Meade, Stanly and Thompson, Whigs. Mr. Orr, Democrat, is elected to succeed Mr. Evans, Democrat, the present member. In the Legislature, Mr. Hunter, Democrat, has been elected by 850 majority over Col. Lane, Democrat, and Mr. Pickens, Democrat, is elected by 1,000 majority. Anti-Nebraska is elected by 2,500 over Mr. Campbell, K. N. Democrat. Whig, the present member declined a re-nomination.

MARYLAND.—Returns from Baltimore, on the 11th instant, for Mayor and City Council, resulted in the election of Democrats and Americans. Democrat has a majority of 1,000.

Ohio.—In city counties of this State, the Democrats have a majority of from 1,000 to 1,500 majority. The whole State has probably given a Democratic majority of 15,000. The next members of Congress, opposed to the present Administration, have been re-elected. In the 1st district, Timothy C. Day, Whig; 2d district, Samuel Galloway, Whig; 3d district, Joseph Campbell, Whig; 4th District, S. Mott, Democrat; 5th district, Wm. Sawyer, Whig; 6th district, Harlan, Whig; 8th District, Benjamin Stanton, Whig; 9th District, Wm. Lawrence, Whig; 10th District, 10th District, O. J. Morris, Democrat; 11th District, Geo. Bliss, Whig; 12th District, Thomas Corwin, Whig; 13th District, Wm. Sawyer, Whig; 14th District, Wm. Lawrence, Whig; 15th District, W. H. Sapp, Democrat; 16th District, Wm. Lawrence, Whig; 17th District, F. Lester, Anti-Nebraska Democrat.

Indiana.—In the 1st district, Wm. Cullen; 2d, J. H. Giddings, Free Soil; 3d, Samuel Brenton, Whig; 4th, Mr. Thompson, anti-Nebraska; the city of Dunkirk is Democratic in 1852, but now elects 4,000 majority. Democrat in 1852, but now gives the American ticket 1,000 majority.

Arkansas.—Gubernatorial election—Democrat Reformer has 3,000 majority. We know we speak the sentiments of the Union in regretting the loss of Mr. Evans, and in regard that the election is regard to his self, and to the duties of the office, and to the duties of the office, and to the duties of the office

Selected Poetry.

THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Cankered, we are spending
Tempting our canker!
While we are lily yearning
At the same of "Kindness!"

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind,
But in darkling lonesome
Hooded hearts grow blind!
Full of kindness dwelling
Deaf is shut from soul,
That may aright be sensing
In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness,
That'll be surprising
From the heart it boldest.
Kindness' cadence is silent—
That there be none so lowly,
But issues some angel-comfort!
Yet, nursing lovers wholly,
We a love do sell and seek!

As the wild-rose blossoms,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely flowers
In the heart forever;
But if man will hinder
Free as golden dust,
Kindness bursts will endow,
Brightness upon us!

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Cankered, we are spending
Tempting our canker!
While we are lily yearning
At the name of "Kindness!"

Selected Articles.

THE WITCH WIFE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

When a boy, I occasionally met at the house of a relative in the adjoining town, a tall, hard-favored old farmer of the neighborhood. A flinty boldness in make of a violent temper, and the red light of a birch log fire, so he sat for hours watching its progress, with sleepy, half-shut eyes, changing his position only to reach the cider mug on the shelf near him. Although he seldom opened his lips save in answer to some remark of his host, or to answer a direct question, yet at times, when the cider mug got the better of his taciturnity, he would amuse us with interesting details of his early experiences as the "Indian Country."

There was, however, one chapter in these experiences which he usually held in reserve, and with which—the strangest unwonted—he would not willingly to run the risk of hearing that which to him was a frightful reality. Slightly older than myself, and rather more sensitive to the influences of the supernatural, I sometimes listened to his tale of witchcraft and diablerie, shuddering with undefinable fear, as I received it from one of his neighbors, forms as clear a tale of witchcraft as modern times have produced.

It seems that when quite a young man he left the homestead, and, strolling westward, worked his way from place to place until he found himself in one of the French settlements on the Ohio river. Here he presented employment on the farm of a worthy, and being a smart, active fellow, and proving highly serviceable in his department, he rapidly gained favor in the eyes of his employer. His long, contrary to the advice of the neighbors, and in spite of somewhat disparaging hints touching certain matrimonial intelligence experienced by the late husband, he resolutely stepped into the dead man's shoes; the mistress became his wife, and the servant was legally promoted to the head of the household.

For a time matters went on coolly and comfortably enough. He was now lord of the soil; and he had laid in his crops of corn and potatoes, salted down his pork, and piled up his wood for winter's use, to his entire satisfaction. A grumbling, discontented spirit was the only drawback to his present happiness. But with the long winter months came a change over his "dove's young dream." An evil and mysterious influence seemed to be at work in his affairs. Whatever he did after consulting his wife, or at her suggestions, manifestly prospered; but all his other plans and projects were unaccountably marred and defeated. If he bought a horse, it was sure to prove provoked or wind-broken. His cows either refused to give down their milk, or, giving it perversely licked it over. A fine sow which he had purchased for, equal his partiality by devouring, like Saturn, her own children. By degrees, a dark thought formed its way into his mind. Comparing his repeated mischances with the ease-angelic watchfulness of his neighbors, as it last came to the mistakenly confusion that his wife was a witch. Two visits to Mother-well's boiled at the Demon Lady, or the poor fellow in the Arabian tale who discovered that he had married a ghoul, the grim of a young and blooming princess, was scarcely in a more sorrowful predicament. It grew hor-rous and fruitful. Cold, dismal nursery stories and all the witch lore of boyhood came back to his memory: and he crept to his bed like a criminal to the gallows, half afraid to fall asleep lest his apparently unconscious wife should take a fancy to transform him into a horse, get him shod at the smithy, and ride him to a witch meeting. And it is to make these fancies and his wife's affections seemed to increase just in proportion as his trouble thickened upon him. She aggravated him with all manner of caresses and endearments. This was the drop too much. The poor husband resolved from her as from a raking nightmare. His thoughts turned to New England. He longed to see once more the old homestead, with the tall walloweep and butternut trees by the roadside; and he sighed amidst the rich bottom lands of his new home for his father's rocky pasture, with its crop of stinted mullein-tops. So one cold November day, finding himself out of sight and hearing of his wife, he commenced carriage in attempt at escape, and resolutely turning his back on the west, plunged into the wilderness towards the sunrise. After a hard and long journey he reached his birthplace, and was kindly welcomed by his old friends. Keeping a profound watch with respect to his unlucky adventure in Ohio, he soon after married one of his school-mates, and by dint of perseverance and economy, in a few years found himself in possession of a comfortable farm.

But his evil star still lingered above the horizon. One summer evening, on returning from the hay field, who should meet him but his witch-wife from Ohio! She came riding up the street on her old white horse, with a pillion behind the saddle. Accosting him in a kindly tone, yet not without something of gentle reproach for his misadventure desertion of herself, she informed him that she had come all the way from Ohio to take him back. He groaned.

It was in vain that he pleaded his letter engagements; it was in vain that he now with calmed her silent remonstrances. She was mingled with expressions of vehement indignation at the revelation of her husband's secret suspicion; the witch wife was inexorable: go he must, and that speedily. Fully impressed with a belief in her supernatural power of compelling obedience, and perhaps dreading more than witchcraft itself the effects of her anger, and the silence on the temper of his New England helpmate, he made a virtue of the necessity of the case, bade farewell to his wife after such a perfect hurricane of reproaches, and mounted the white horse, with his old wife on the pillion behind him. Of that ride Rutger might have written a counterpart to his ballad:

"Trump, trump, and on the mare they ran,
Spinet, spinet, strong she ran."

Two or three years had passed away; bringing no tidings of the unfortunate husband, when no more mere made his appearance in the village. He was not disposed to be very communicative; but he could not refrain from gratifying to espouse his gratitude. His Ohio wife having no spell against letters-lead fever, had paid the debt of nature and left him free to run in view of which, his marrying wife, after maintaining a due degree of propriety, had accepted-tender him hand to her bed and board. and I could never learn that she had cause to regret her clemency.—*Whittier's Literary Recreations.*

DEBARKMENT.—A gentleman "Down Easter" was lately entering by appropriate a square of exceedingly "rough food" at dinner, in a Wisconsin Hotel. His restless efforts with a knife and fork attracted the attention and smiles of the rest of the company, who were in the same predicament all-himself. At last "Jonathon's" patience vanished under his illusement when laying down his "utensils," he burst out with "Strangers, you needn't look at you hain't got no cause to the landlord's bed-rugs, yer refer have some respect for the old bull!" This sally brought down the house."—*Silver Creek Gazette.*

Sea-Shore Scenes.

THE SEA-SIDE HAT.

WHAT IS ENOUGH FOR ONE IS ENOUGH FOR TWO.

THE WORSHIP OF THE VIRGIN.

From Pius IX. has announced a grand confession of the chief dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church to meet at Rome, during the month of October, to settle the question whether the Virgin Mary was herself conceived without sin, and then free by birth from every taint of original depravity and imperfection, and a divinity who may properly be made an object of human adoration. Hitherto this dogma has not formed an authoritative part of the Roman Creed, and has been mostly disputed within the bosom of the Church itself; but it is expected by the more zealous adherents of the doctrine that it will now be finally adopted and made obligatory on all the faithful.

As far as it can be ascertained by historical investigation, the worship of the Virgin is of very high antiquity among the early Christians.—Neither the disciples of Christ, the Apostles, the teachers of the first centuries, nor even the early Fathers, allowed of any such worship. The first signs of it appear about the end of the third century among some Christian sects or Scythian Christian women living in Arabia. These women were called in Greek, Collyridins, from a small cake, collyre, offered by them to the new Christian goddess. But even at that time the example given by the Collyridians, Origen, Basil, and Chrysostom, was followed, and Mary was considered as any other mortal, and spoken of by theologians with her faults and her virtues. Still the epithet generally given to her was Deipara, which was accepted, to a certain degree, by the Nestorians, and in the following century the various Church-festivals were established in honor of the Mother of Christ.

It was in the fifth century, however, the practice of Marcellary acquired a certain dubrevelled and extravagant character through various orders of monks and nuns. The immaculate conception from her mother, and at once married to Joseph, and Mary was considered as any other mortal, and spoken of by theologians with her faults and her virtues. Still the epithet generally given to her was Deipara, which was accepted, to a certain degree, by the Nestorians, and in the following century the various Church-festivals were established in honor of the Mother of Christ.

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HOW THEY GET MARRIED IN NORWAY.

A new book of Travels in the North of Europe, contains the following passage:

The interior of the church is painted white, with wood figures and lamps. Immediately under the pulpit, which is entered from behind a staircase out of the church in a sort of wooden cage, is the altar, which is railed off by a railing rose; one rises to it, as in our churches, by an ascent of a long way from the body of the church, enclosing a large space. Within this space the public were not admitted, but the bridal party alone, and the parties who had to be married. During the ceremony, two "maids of honor" were busying on the altar, dressing it, it which was on the floor of the church, little bouquets tastefully arranged in pattern, and plentifully strewn. It was on this spot that the bride and bridegroom had to stand during the great part of the ceremony.

When the time was come, the minister proceeded the party from the vestry into the space before the altar. He was dressed in the full white stocked ruff which one sees in portraits of Queen Elizabeth's time, and over that a long black gown without sleeves, meeting in front and enveloping the whole figure. After all the bridal party had taken their places, the ceremony began by the singing of a hymn by the whole congregation, accompanied by the organ and choir singing as at an ordinary service. The priest then kneeled for a short time before the altar, while his hand resting upon it, and he back turned to the congregation, as in the Roman Catholic Church. Then he arose, and